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THE REFLECTOR.

THE IDOLATRY OF WEALTH.

An Extract from Dr. CHALMERS' Discourses on the Application of Christianity to the Commercial Affairs of Life.

"Wealth is the goddess whom all the world worshipeth. There is many a city in our empire, of which, with an eye of apostolical discernment, it may be seen, that it is almost wholly given over to idolatry. If a man look no higher than to his money for his enjoyments, then money is the god. It is the god of his dependence, and the god upon whom his heart is staid. Or if apart from other enjoyments, it, by some magical power of his own, has gotten the ascendancy, then still it is followed after as the supreme good; and there is an actual supplanting of the living God. He is robbed of the gratitude that we owe him for our daily sustenance; for, instead of receiving it as if it came directly out of his hand, we receive it as if it came from the hand of a secondary agent, to whom we ascribe all the stability and independence of God. This wealth, in fact, obscures to us the character of God, as the real though unseen author of our various blessings; and as if by a material intervention, does it hide from the perception of nature, the hand which feeds, and clothes, and maintains us in life, and in all the comforts and necessities of life. It just has the effect of thickening still more that impalpable veil which lies between God and the eye of the senses. We lose all discernment of him as the giver of our comforts; and coming as they appear to do, from that wealth which our fancies have raised into a living personification, does this idol stand before us, not as a deputy, but as a substitute for that Being, with whom it is that we really have to do. All this goes both to widen and to fortify that disruption which has taken place between God and the world. It adds the power of one great master idol to the seducing influence of all the lesser idolatries. When the liking and the confidence of men are towards money, there is no direct intercourse, either by one or the other of these affections towards God; and, in proportion as he sends forth his desires, and rests his security on the former, in that very proportion does he renounce God as his hope and God as his dependence.

"And to advert, for one moment, to the misery of this affection, as well as to its sinfulness. He, over whom it reigns, feels a worthlessness in his present wealth, after it is gotten; and when to this we add the restlessness of a yet unsatisfied appetite, lording it over all his convictions, and panting for more; when to the dullness of his actual satisfaction in all the riches that he has, we add his still unquenched, and indeed, unquenchable desire for the riches that he has not; when we reflect that as in the pursuit of wealth he widens the circle of his operation, so he lengthens out the line of his open and hazardous exposure, and multiplies along the extent of it, those vulnerable points from which another and another dart of anxiety may enter into his heart; when he feels himself as if floating on an ocean of contingency, on which, perhaps, he is only borne up by the breath of a credit that is fictitious, and which, liable to burst every moment, may leave him to sink under the weight of his overladen speculation; when suspended on the doubtful result of his bold and uncertain adventure, he dreads the tidings of disaster in every arrival, and lives in a continual agony of feeling, kept up by the crowd and turmoil of his manifold distractions, and so overspreading the whole compass of his thoughts as to leave not one narrow space for the thought of eternity;—will any beholder just look to the mind of this unhappy man, thus tossed and bewildered, and thrown into a general uneasy phrenzy, made out of many fears and agitations, and not say, that the bird of the air which sends forth its unreflecting song, and lives on the fortuitous bounty of Providence, is not higher in the scale of enjoyment than he? And how much more, then, the

quiet Christian beside him, who, in possession of food and raiment has that godliness with contentment which is great gain—who, with the peace of Heaven in his heart, and the glories of Heaven in his eye, has found out the true philosophy of existence: has sought a portion where alone, a portion can be found, and in bidding away from his mind the love of money, has bidden away all the cross, and all the carefulness along with it."

THE REPOSITORY.

[From an Old Miscellany.]
THE BRONZE STATUE.

Count Lieuwen, a favorite officer in the service of the deceased King of Prussia, had under his special patronage and tuition, a young engineer of high talent, whose advancement to his notice had been solely due to his merits. His battalion, led by the Austrian General Clairfuit, then on his march through the Low Countries towards France, was ordered to surprise a small village on the frontiers in the enemy's possession. In the middle of the night, young Ewald entered his commander's tent, and informed him that a negotiation had been begun by the Chief Magistrate of this District, to admit the Prussian soldiers into an ambuscade, by which they might surround the French stationed in the village of Altheim, and put them to the sword. "Sir," he added, "I am acquainted with a path through the thicket that skirts the Church-yard; and by leading fifty chosen men through it, we may enclose the farm and outhouses in which these Frenchmen lodge, and force them to surrender, without the baseness of entering their host's gates in groups, disguised as travellers, and massacring them in their sleep. This vile Provost has made the offer in hopes of reward, for which he conditions privately, heedless of the bloodshed and ravage which our soldiery would spread among the poor villagers in the blindness of their fury."—"You are right," replied the Count—"and it would be well to gain this advantageous post without disgrace to our characters as Prussian soldiers, or outrage to the unoffending natives. Through whose means did this honorable offer come?—For I suspect the commutant is willing to share the reward?"—"The young engineer cast down his eyes, and answered, after a short and graceful hesitation, "He is my enemy, my Lord—forgive me if I do not name him."

Count Lieuwen's brow grew smooth. "Well, Lichstentein," he said, with a tone of familiarity he seldom used, except where his heart was touched—"well—there will be no surer way, I see, to secure both our military credit, and this poor village from plunder, than to give you the command of the affair. Choose your comrades, and conduct them. But how is it that you know the avenue to this obscure place so well?" Ewald was silent a few moments only, because he was conscious of feelings likely to make his voice less firm. When he had stilled them, he replied, "To you who know my humble birth, and have remedied it so kindly by your patronage, I need not be afraid to confess this village was my birth-place, and that farm which the Provost intends to deliver up to-night, for the purpose of massacre and riot, is—oh, was—" He could not add his meaning, but Count Lieuwen felt it. Brushing a tear hastily from his eyes, the old soldier bade him take his detachment, and obtain possession of the place in the manner he deemed fittest. Ewald departed instantly, and returned in the morning to announce his complete success, without loss to the inhabitants, and without the escape of a single Frenchman. He brought, besides, a valuable despatch, which his advanced guard had intercepted, and the Count, delighted with the important result of the affair, and with the generous spirit it had exhibited, offered his young lieutenant a thousand crowns, the sum for which the treacherous Provost had negotiated, gallantly saying, his Sovereign would more willingly pay it as the recompense of a hazardous and well performed duty, than as the premium of a traitor. "If," said the lieutenant, modestly, "your Lordship thinks this poor village worth a thousand crowns to his Majesty, I pray you to consider them due to my senior officer, Dorrien: Your personal kindness induced you to waive his right, and to give me the command of last night's affair: yet it is just that he should have the price of what he deserved to win." "He shall have it," answered Lieuwen, compressing his lips sternly—"but I

know who would have bought what you have won honestly."

The first care of this brave veteran on his return to Berlin, was to lay the circumstances of this fact before the King. The consequence was Ewald's promotion, and before the war ceased, he rose to rank even higher than Count Lieuwen; and the last favor his old commander asked Court was, that his adopted son might be appointed his successor in the fortress of Plauen, which his age rendered him averse to govern longer. This high distinction was granted; and the King, to suit the new Governor's title to his important office, added the rank of Baron to the Cross of the Black Eagle, already worn by Ewald de Lichstentein. These unexpected honors did not alter the temper of the young hero—still preserving the blunt urbanity of Marshal Turenne, whose devotion he had imitated so successfully, he was proud to hear his comrades hint that he too was a Miller's son, and always strove to remind them how much he resembled his noble predecessor in benevolence and grace. But when he had offered his grateful obeisance, he solicited permission to absent himself one month before he assumed his new duties. Count Lieuwen's friendship, and the peaceable state of the country, made the royal assent easy, and Ewald de Lichstentein left Berlin to dedicate this short interval to his private happiness.

But Ewald, with all the splendor of his professional success, had not altered the humanity of that private happiness. He had no hope so dear as to return to the village of Altheim, which in years before he had preserved from destruction; and to reclaim the Farmer's daughter with whom the first affections of his boyhood had been exchanged. During the various and busy vicissitudes of Soldier's life, no correspondence had been possible, and he had time to snatch only a short interview when he entered the village with a hostile detachment. He took with him one attendant, a Soldier of his own Regiment, but unacquainted with his birth-place, though sufficiently attached to his person to insure the secrecy he required—not from mean fear of exposing his humble origin, but from a generous wish to avoid displaying his new and self-acquired greatness. The journey was tedious to his fancy, though he travelled rapidly, for the pleasantest dreams of his youth were ready to be realized. His servant had orders to make no mention of his name or rank, when he arrived at his place of destination, and the little village of Altheim came in sight in all the beauty of a summer evening, and a happy man's imagination. As he entered it, however, he perceived that several cottages were in ruins, and the house where Josephine had lived was half unroofed, and its garden full of grass. Ewald's heart misgave him, and his servant went on before to inquire who occupied it. Schwartz brought his master intelligence that the niece of the former occupier had married a farmer, whose speculations had ended in bankruptcy with but little success. There was no other inn; and if there had been one, Ewald would have chosen this. He renewed his cautions to his servant, and entered the miserable house, where the master sat surlily smoking his pipe in a kitchen with broken windows, and hearth almost cold. To his courteous request for accommodation, this man, whose suitable name was Wolfenbach, hardly returned an answer, except throwing him the remnant of a chair, and calling loudly at the door for his wife. A woman, in wretched apparel, bending under a load of sticks, crept from a ruined out-house, and came fearfully towards him. "Bring a faggot, drone, and cook some fish," said her ruffian husband: "where is the bread I brought this morning, and the pitcher of milk?" "There was but little milk," she answered, trembling, "and I gave it to our child." "Brute! idiot!" he muttered with a hideous oath, and pushed her forward by a blow which Ewald's heart felt. That moment would have discovered him, if the inn-keeper had not left the house to attend his servant; and Ewald, as he looked again on Josephine's face, had courage enough to restrain a confession which would have aggravated her misery. Perhaps she had been left desolate—perhaps her husband had been made brutal by misfortune—at all events, he had no right to blame a marriage which circumstances had not permitted him to prevent. She might have had no alternative between it and disgrace, or Wolfenbach might have possessed and seemed to deserve her choice better than himself. This last thought held him silent, as he sat with his face shaded near the fire. Josephine took but one glance at him, and

another at the cradle, where a half-starved infant lay, before she began her humble labors to prepare a supper. Ewald attempted to say something, but his voice, hoarse with emotion, appeared unknown to her, and she turned away with a look of repressed pride and shame. Yet as she could not but observe the earnest gaze of the stranger her cheek flushing with conscious recollection, recovered some part of its former beauty, and Ewald had taken the infant on his knee, when Wolfenbach returned. His guest overcame the horror which almost impelled him to throw from him the offspring of a ruffian so debased, intending to convey into its cradle some aid for the unhappy mother, which might suffice to comfort her wants without betraying the giver. He hid a purse of gold within its wrapper, and gave it back to Josephine; while the father, murmuring at such pests, rebuked her slow cookery. But Ewald could not eat; and tasting the flask to propitiate the brutal Landlord, withdrew to the bed meant for him, and was seen no more.

Late on the following morning, two men as they passed near the remains of a spoiled hay-rack, perceived motion in it, and heard a feeble noise. They took courage to remove some part, and led on by traces of blood, examined till they found a body, yet warm with life, but wounded in a ghastly manner. They conveyed it to the village surgeon, and collected help to surround the house of Wolfenbach, whom they remembered to have seen on the road mounted on a horse which had been observed the day before entering Altheim with the wounded man and another stranger. Skill and care restored this unfortunate stranger sufficiently to make his deposition. He named his master, and stated that the gloomy looks and eager questions of the inn-keeper had alarmed him on the night of Ewald's arrival, especially when he was desired to sleep in a ruined out-house. He had felt it, and applying his ear to a crevice in the house door, heard Wolfenbach menacing his wife with death if she prevented or betrayed his search into the traveller's portmanteau, which had been left below, for probably in the heedlessness of anguish, Ewald had not thought of attending to it. He also heard Josephine's timid expostulations, and the shriek of her child in its father's savage grasp, held perhaps as a hostage for her silence. He went to warn his master, and by calling through the casement of the loft, where he lay awake, drew him from his bed. The stroke of an axe felled him to the ground and he remembered nothing more. The fate of Ewald might be easily surmised. Detachments of peasants traversed the country round, to gain intelligence of him without success, and, without their knowing his claims on them as their countryman, were as eager in their zeal to trace a man of rank and honor. Couriers met them from Berlin, despatched to hasten his return; but after six months spent in the most earnest search, even his paternal friend, Count Lieuwen, despaired of seeing him more, and believed him the victim of a ferocious robber. Wolfenbach had been seized with the horses of Ewald and his servant, which he had taken to sell at the nearest fair, and could not attempt even a plausible account of them. His miserable wife was in a state of delirium, which unfitted her to give coherent evidence: but the subject of her ravings, the purse of gold found in her infant's cradle, and a ring dropped near the traveller's bed, were powerful presumptive proofs against her husband. The rifled portmanteau was also discovered in a wall, and the axe stained with blood. Wolfenbach maintained an obstinate and contumacious silence, during a long trial, which ended in a sentence of death, received with acclamations by the populace. He was carried to the scaffold, attended by no friend, and died without confession.

Count Lieuwen resumed the government of the fortress he had resigned, but not till he had made repeated inquiries, and offered large rewards for any trace of his lost favorite, without effect. And when after some years had passed, a public duty compelled him to visit the country in which Ewald had perished, he travelled hastily, and loathed the necessity which forced his equipage to rest at Altheim for a few hours. During the short stay, the master of the new Inn found means to introduce himself, and beg his guest's attention to a rare curiosity which he possessed. Finding from his Valet's account, that this exhibition was a tax imposed on every traveller, the Count assented, and listened patiently to his host's history of a bronze statue, found in a peat bog, at a short distance, and from thence brought to his

house. He went into the room where it was deposited, prepared to see some antique relic or cunning counterfeit, but he saw with feelings that need not be told, the body of his beloved Ewald in the travelling habit he had seen him wear, vitrified by the power of the morass to the resemblance of a bronze statue. He stood a few moments aghast with astonishment and horror, not unmingled with gladness at this testimony of the truth, preserved by a special operation of nature! for on the forehead and in the neck of the seeming statue, two deep seams rendered the facts of Ewald's violent death unquestionable. But he had presence of mind enough to suppress his agitation, and affecting to believe the house-keeper exhibited, as he supposed himself, a strange piece of ancient sculpture, gave him a much larger sum than had been expected, even from a hobleman of his own munificence, and carried off the prize. But he caused it to be conveyed to Berlin without noise, and made it no subject of conversation among his attendants.

Count Lieuwen's return to the metropolis was always followed by banquets given to his friends, and on this occasion he celebrated his arrival among them by inviting the chief nobility and all the military officers who had shared and survived his campaigns. After supper, before they had departed, he spoke of a rare specimen of sculpture which he had reserved for their last regale. "You all know," said he, "my tender affection for Ewald de Lichstentein, my regret for his untimely loss, and my wish to preserve his memory. I think you will agree with me in that wish to erect a monument, if we could decorate it with a representation of him suitable to his merits and his fate. But though we all know his merits; where shall we find an artist able to give a symbol of his death, since we know neither the time nor circumstance?"

The Count cast his eyes round the table as he spoke, and met approving and earnest looks from all his companions, except one, whose head was averted. "But," he added, rising after a short pause, "I think I have found a statue, sufficient in itself, for his monument."

A curtain drawn aside, discovered the bronze statue of Ewald, lying on a bier composed of black turf. A silence of surprise and awe was followed by acclamations of wonder, at the exquisite symmetry of the figure, and the expression of the countenance, so nearly resembling its usual character, except in the half-closed eyes and lips, parted as in the pangs of death. Some gathered round to observe the accurate folds of the drapery, and recognize every part of his travelling apparel. "There is even the shape of the seal ring he wore upon his finger," said one of the spectators, "and here is the ribbon he received the day before his departure, from the King—but where is the Cross of the Black Eagle?"

"In his grave," replied Count Lieuwen, fixing his eyes on a guest who had just awakened. That guest was Dorrien, the senior officer superseded by Ewald. He suddenly lifted up his head and answered, "It is not!" The terrible sound of his voice, the decision of his words, made the assembly fall back from him, leaving him alone, standing opposite the corpse. His features wrought a few instants in convulsions, and his lips moved in unconscious mutterings. "Then (said a voice from among the group) the murderer robbed him of the Cross!"

"No, no—I robbed him of nothing—he robbed me of my place and honor, and of that Cross which I might have earned at Altheim—We met alone—we were man to man—it was night, but I won the Cross fairly—and now let him take it back."

The self-accused murderer made a desperate effort to throw it from his breast, and fell with his whole weight, and a laugh of madness at the foot of the bier. The crowd raised him, but he spoke no more. His last words were truth, as subsequent inquiry proved. Accident or a hope of vengeance had led him to the neighborhood of Ewald's village; they had met on the road, and fatal opportunity completed Dorrien's guilt. He was buried under the scaffold, and the Bronze Statue remained a monument of Ewald's fate and of retributive justice.

THE SCHOOLMASTER. An Irish Schoolmaster being lately interrogated by one of his pupils with respect to the etymology of the word *Synagogue*, replied, after some consideration, that it received its meaning from the circumstance of the ancients having laid a tax on it.

FOREIGN.

By arrivals at New-York on the 17th inst. London papers of Aug. 3, and Liverpool of 9th, were received.

ENGLAND. A letter from Liverpool of the 8th, says—"Our latest accounts from Manchester are rather less unfavorable. The yarn market is quiet, and no advance has been realized, but there is a trifling advance in some descriptions of goods." Our London letters state, "there seems a general impression of gradual improvement. The weather is very fine for the harvest, and the corn-market is very dull."

POLAND. Letters from Warsaw say, that the whole Polish Army will be called out towards the month of October, when the Emperor of Russia will be crowned King of Poland, and that a Society of learned men are about to undertake a French translation of the *Talmud of Babylon*. This will be a most curious work, as the *Talmud* has never before been translated, not even in Latin.

SPAIN. Accounts from Bilbao, July 23, state that the harbor of St. Andero is blockaded by a Colombian brig of 25 guns and another small vessel. As there were no Spanish vessels there, the provincial government had armed two gunboats and a merchant brig to drive them from the coast.

PORTUGAL. We have this morning received by express the Paris papers of Monday, which add some information respecting Portugal, to the notice of the change of ministers, which we yesterday communicated exclusively. Measures seem to have been taken by the emperor Pedro to secure the effectual execution of his intentions. Not only is the power of the ministry put into the hands of men of ability, well affected to the charge of system, but the decree for the immediate election of the Cortes has been issued. As the great families had been previously conciliated by the creation of a House of Peers, (an institution which gives a weight to the nobility which they can never enjoy under an absolute monarchy,) we may hope that the decided declaration of the Sovereigns will, aided by a well-disposed ministry and all the intelligence of the country, effectually support the constitution against the intrigues from which alone it has any thing to dread. [London Globe, August 2.]

TURKEY. The Sultan has followed up his decisive triumph over the lawless Janizaries, by measures which if persisted in with the firmness which has marked the commencement of the change, will effect a grand and beneficial revolution throughout the Turkish Empire. It is stated, that at Adrianople some disturbances had taken place, in consequence of the suppression of these arbitrary soldiers; but the stern orders issued by the Sultan soon suppressed the ebullition; and it is probable that he will succeed in annihilating the whole order of the Janizaries throughout the empire. Constantinople, July 3. This city is far from being tranquil, since the great event of the 15th June. The Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the officers of State are encamped in the public square, and are protected by a powerful train of artillery, against such popular commotions and reactions as may manifest themselves. The Mufi and other heads of religion are incessant in their prayers; and all the insignia of the Mahometan belief are displayed around the Sultan, in order to enforce upon the people, that the changes that have been effected do not, in any respect, alter the ancient faith of the Prophet.

The news received from Adrianople and from Asia Minor speaks a great deal about the profound impression produced by the revolution of the 15th. It appears, that the men of Religion, the Mufi, the Imams, are opposed to the new organization of the troops, after the European mode, and have been sadly affected by the massacres of the capital. It is now the 20th day since the revolution, and the massacres are still going on.

GERMANY—(Prussia.) The *Algemeine Zeitung*, the 26th inst. contains an article dated Berlin, July 13, which speaks of the distressed situation of the provinces of East and West Prussia. These owed their former prosperity to the English trade, which trade, it is added, "has entirely vanished." The Finance Minister, L. Von Motz, has made a journey to these parts, to ascertain, from personal observation, their actual state, in order to bring their case under the consideration of the King, who proposes shortly to visit them. Landed property is described to be greatly depreciated.

GREECE. A letter from Trieste, written on the 6th ult. says—"There are still sad divisions among the Greek leaders, but I am happy to say that the ship owners are cordially disposed to co-operate with Lord Cochrane. They have altogether 235 sail, (independent of the piratical vessels, the owners of which are declared by the government of Napoli, traitors to the states.) The number of guns which they carry is only

four hundred, as some have only one gun, and others only muskets, but the crews are upwards of fourteen thousand fine seamen, many of whom being draughted into Lord Cochrane's ships, will do much execution."

On the 21st July, a fourth expedition set out from Marseilles for Greece, in the vessel *La Jeune Emilie*, Capt. Gabriel. This expedition was composed of 45 Philhellenists. The same vessel carried, moreover, a cargo of provisions, destined for the supply of Napoli.

Although it is stated that no intelligence of Lord Cochrane's arrival in Greece, had been received by accounts as late as 3d July, it is reported that he was to proceed to Alexandria as soon as he could organize the Greek fleet for the expedition.

London, Aug. 1. A person, who signs himself "John M. Allen, Captain, Greek Navy," has addressed a letter to the editor of a Morning Paper, containing, what he says, is "a candid description of the present state of Greek affairs." The following are the material statements of this letter:—*Courier*.

"In October, 1824, I quitted England for Greece, in pursuance of my resolution to add my humble efforts to those of a generous nation, engaged in a struggle for its rights, its honor, and its very existence. At that time I left the Philhellene of England, loud in their protestations and vehement in their professions, of good will to the Greek cause. A few days since I returned hither, and found the same persons, not as I expected, excited by the alternate vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, and by the noble resistance of the Hellenes, to fresh exertions in their favor, but indifferent to their success and forgetful of their promises. Those who do not openly oppose the cause of liberty are satisfied with expressing sentiments of compassion and despair ten times more injurious. To these I may render myself acceptable either by espousing their opinions or by giving a tacit consent to their assertions. The injustice of such a course induces me to break the silence I had resolved to maintain, and honestly to publish my opinion with respect to the present state of the Greek contest.

"I left Hydra on the 11th, and Napoli on the 14th May. At that period one general feeling, excited by the recent fall of Missolonghi, and stimulated by the publication of the noble decrees issued by the National Congress from Epidaurus, had united every party, and roused the most apathetic. Indignation at the bloody massacre of their countrymen which had just taken place, pervaded every bosom, and strengthened every Greek, in his determination to perish rather than submit. Those who are acquainted with the nature of the Greek contest must feel convinced that this resolution is rendered unnecessary, since submission and death are in this struggle synonymous terms.

The Government had resolved on introducing a body of 5000 Rumelioti into the Morea, and had issued a decree to carry its resolution into effect. It had also just been informed that 1500 Missolonghiots had succeeded in opening themselves a path through the midst of hostile forces, and had reached Salona in safety, where they were expecting the orders of the Government, with a firm decision to revenge themselves for the loss of every tie which bound them to life. I was informed that Niketas had succeeded in taking Tripolitza by storm, and that Ibrahim Pacha had, up to that time, not removed from Patras.

"The Turkish fleet had sailed for the Dardanelles, the Egyptian for Alexandria. Sixty-five Greek vessels had assembled at Napoli, and were joined daily by others; they were in anxious expectation of the arrival of Lord Cochrane, and were determined to co-operate with that distinguished Admiral for the good of Greece. The Admiral Mautis, in whose vessel I served, has often declared in my hearing his willingness to abandon his rank, and to submit to the command of their gallant ally: "For the good of my country," said he, "I will, if necessary, become a common sailor." Those who know this brave man, and excellent patriot, will duly appreciate the value of his determination.

The strongest tribute I can pay him is to assert that he is the friend of Commodore Hamilton. Whilst speaking of naval matters, I may be allowed to refer to the pirates who infest the waters of Greece, and who furnish many with a pretext for denouncing the cause as subversive of every principle of order, and for denominating the Greek seamen hordes of Robbers. None can more anxiously desire the destruction of the pirates than the Greeks themselves, and if their fleet was not occupied in the arduous duty of defending the country, it would certainly devote its strength in putting down those common enemies of all nations. They are convinced of the injury occasioned by the pirates to their sacred contest, and would willingly co-operate in any measure which might serve to destroy them. Yet even for these deluded men there is an excuse to be pleaded. They turn their arms against European vessels, for European vessels protected by the colors of their respective nations, have, by affording succour to their enemies, conspired to render them homeless, and piracy their sole resource for subsistence."

DISTRESS IN BARBARY. In April last the British authorities at Gibraltar sent a medical officer to examine and report the nature of the disease raging at that time in Morocco. He was absent on this duty nearly a month. On his return to Gibraltar, he wrote as follows to his friends in England:

"To give you some idea of the calamities under which they are now suffering, it will be enough to tell you that within the last five months there have died, in the Emperor of Morocco's dominions, no less than two hundred thousand souls from famine and disease. In Fez alone, there have been thirty-eight thousand deaths. Their crops having failed for these last three years, from drought, all the rivers and springs being dried up, cattle died of course from want of herbage, and the miserable Arabs flocked down in thousands to the ports on the Barbary coast, in hopes of obtaining sustenance, bringing with them disease and starvation. It has been my lot to see almost every horrible sight in nature, but all I have seen put together is nothing to what I have witnessed within this last month. Famine is of all other calamities that can afflict a people, the most deplorable and shocking. The Anatomie Vivante would be amongst these unfortunate wretches passed by as no curiosity, for I saw thousands every day. Such is their extreme misery that I constantly witnessed men, women and children, dying in the streets, and in the open fields the skeletons of men are to be seen. You see persons emaciated, tottering and worn out, at length lying down and expiring. They are seen devouring dead animals, as horses, dogs, cats, &c. and even to pick up the corn from the excrement of animals. Children are seen in the stooping position gathering up single grains of corn; others tuning over a dung-hill in search of the specks of vegetables and bones, which last they break between two stones, for the sake of the marrow contained therein. Added to this, the towns on the coast are affected with dangerous fevers."

DEATH OF MR. HALL. We regret that we are called upon to announce the decease of another Missionary of the Cross. The Rev. Gordon Hall of the Bombay Mission, is no more. Having just completed the translation of the New Testament, he set off on a preaching tour from which he never returned. At Djorlec Dapoor, near Nassek, on the 20th of March last, at 4 A. M. he was seized with the Cholera, and died at a quarter before 12, on the same day.

Boston Recorder.

Death of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson. In another part of our paper will be found an account of the death of Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson, Ex-Presidents of the United States. The former was in his ninety-first year, the latter in his eighty-fourth year. The coincidences both in the lives and characters of these distinguished Statesmen, and in their deaths, are remarkable. They both, in conjunction with the venerable Mr. Carroll only, who still survives, drew up and signed, the celebrated Declaration of Independence, in 1776. Adams succeeded Washington, as President, and was himself succeeded by Jefferson; and, after lives full of years and honors, the latter part of which was devoted to the placid and unostentatious enjoyment of private society, enlivened by the most active benevolence, both these venerable patriots peacefully expired on the same day, the fiftieth anniversary of their country's independence, which they had so steadfastly contributed to achieve and to consolidate. What more glorious, what more enviable than a life thus dedicated to the benefit of mankind—a death rendered fearless by the consciousness of having done good! These excellent men both retained their mental faculties to the last, (as will be found by a perusal of their letters declining the flattering invitation sent to them to be present at the celebration of independence at Washington,) having happily avoided, in a great measure, those infirmities and privations of old age, which, in their mutual letters, a few years ago, they so feelingly and philosophically hoped might not darken the latter years of their existence.—The letters to which we allude, and which our readers will now peruse with feelings of respect for the unobtrusive talents and universal benevolence of the writers, will be found in the 12th volume of the *Mercury*, of 1822-3, page 238. Another letter from Mr. Adams, exhibiting, in an interesting light, his religious toleration, will also be found in the same volume, page 387. We regret that our limits prevent us from republishing those admirable documents, and constrain us to so brief a notice of two individuals who have lived and moved an honor to their species, and whose memories will be embalmed in the bosom of every generous patriot for ages yet to come.—*Liverpool Mercury*, Aug. 4.

A New-Jersey editor lately found a rusty needle and thread in a piece of beef, near the shoulder blade, supposed to have been swallowed while fattening. Rather hard food to grow fat upon. The same editor had presented to him a Pippin Apple girdling 14 1-2 inches and weighing 21 1-2 ounces.—*Post. States*.

DOMESTIC.

CONGRESS OF PANAMA. On the 22d of June the Congress of Panama was organized, and an address delivered by the plenipotentiary from Peru as to the subjects which should occupy the deliberations of the Congress. Our country has no representative on the spot at present, in consequence of the demise of Mr. Anderson; Mr. Sergeant not having yet left this country to fulfil the duties of his appointment, in consequence of the sickness of the season at the place of meeting of the Congress.

Philadelphia paper.

Mr. Dawkins, the British Commissioner to the Congress of Panama, on the adjournment of the Congress at Panama, sat out on his return to England, his two Secretaries having died. Mr. Dawkins with his Secretaries arrived in Colombia, at Carthagena, in the frigate *Galatea*, in May last, in company with Mr. Alexander Cockburn, the British Ambassador to Colombia.

WEST FLORIDA. The resources of this country are not yet developed; it is one of the most delightful regions of the south. It is well watered and healthy, the soil productive, and the climate one of the finest in the world. It is seldom found too warm to dispense with the use of a blanket; the springs are at least one month more forward, and the autumns a month later even than in the same parallel of latitude. Sea Island cotton, sugar and rice will be the principal staples. The experiments made have exceeded the most sanguine expectations, the cane of Louisiana bears no comparison with that of this country; many of the tropical fruits may be reared in great perfection.

Tallahassee is the permanent seat of government for the Territory. It is now little more than twelve months since the lots were sold, and already contains a population of five or six hundred persons, improves with great rapidity, is a place of considerable business, and affords an excellent society. It is pleasantly situated in a high undulating country, is well watered, and so far as it has been tested, has been found healthy; it is distant about 21 miles from St. Marks, the nearest point on the Gulf, with which place it is connected by a good road. The Ochlocknee river is navigable for boats within six miles of the town. The adjacent country is but partially settled, most of the plantations having been opened within the last year. It will, however, soon be in a state of improvement, and is now settling rapidly by men of wealth and respectability.

Post. States.

INFLAMMABLE GAS. We have hitherto (says the Lockport N. Y. Observer) neglected to mention the existence of an inflammable Gas Spring, in Hitchcock's basin, on the canal, in the town of Royalton. The water, in the space of several feet, is kept in continual ebullition, and resembles boiling water. By sinking a tube which is contracted at the upper end, and applying a candle, a beautiful clear blaze is produced by the gas, which will continue until the tube is removed. An anecdote is told of it, which is too good to be kept among a few who have frequently indulged in a hearty laugh at its recital; we give it greater publicity. A gentleman who had, or was about to bargain for the property embracing the spot from whence the gas emanated, and who was probably most profoundly ignorant of the science of chemistry, concluded to make an experiment. He accordingly procured a hoghead open at one end, which he placed directly over the spring, and sunk it to a sufficient depth in the water, to prevent the gas from escaping. This done, and the hoghead, as he supposed, sufficiently charged, he seated himself upon the top of it, and with a gimlet made a vent to which he applied a lighted candle. The result was different from what he anticipated; instead of a steady blaze at the aperture, the fire was communicated to the inside of the hoghead, which produced an explosion that sent the chemist in company with his chemical apparatus some feet in the air, where he was left to descend not so much by chemical process, as by the force of gravitation. Deprived of the privilege of selecting a place to alight, he found himself in the waters of the canal, with one stove of his hoghead.

THE FISHERIES. An English writer asserts, that the Americans employ 2000 vessels in the fishery on the Labrador coast, within the dominion of Great Britain;—that they take away annually 100,000 tons of fish and give employment to from 24 to 30,000 seamen and shoremen. He adds, that about 4000 British seamen are employed to carry 60,000 tons of fish to market. There is not a little of the long bow in the above article.—Nevertheless a large number of American vessels are engaged in this fishery, the right to use which is guaranteed by treaty. We wish we could add, that the employment is profitable; but from the decline of markets, and the consequent low price of fish, it has become quite a losing concern.

Post. Cent.

INDIAN TREATY. We learn from the Buffalo Journal, that on the 31st ult. a treaty was concluded between the Commissioners on the part of the U. States, and the Chiefs and Sachems of the Seneca tribe of Indians, "by which the proprietors of the pre-emption right of the Indian lands in the western part of this State, have obtained about 87,000 acres of land from the Buffalo and Tonawanta reservations, 8000 from the Cataraugus, together with all of five reservations upon the Genesee River in the counties of Genesee, Livingston and Steuben." In consideration of these lands the Indians are to receive annuities to the amount of \$3600, exclusive of all such reasonable allowance as may be made for improvements on some of the Genesee reservations.

The accomplishment of this object has long been sought in vain, in consequence of the inflexible opposition of the celebrated Indian Chief, Red Jacket. The inveterate obstinacy of this extraordinary man, on every subject that has been proposed by the whites, connected with the amelioration of the condition of his tribe, or in any way connected with the dealings between the whites and the aborigines, has ever been a prominent characteristic in him.

In the northern States, there is no tribe of Indians less improved in their condition than the Senecas. Red-Jacket has uniformly opposed the sale of their lands, and viewed with apparent horror, every indication among his people of a disposition to embrace the arts, or partake of the comforts of civilized life. Hence the numerous failures to treat with them for the sale of their surplus lands. This extraordinary son of the forest, opposed the late treaty to the last—reprobated the conduct of his brethren in the severest terms, and condemned every act of the government towards them since the revolution, as cruel and deceptive. He has also stated, that a pre-emption right to their lands was a thing unknown previous to the treaty at Fort Stanwix, and that it was there imposed upon them by fraud and misrepresentation.—Other arts, not less evincive of the character of the man, were resorted to, to strengthen the prejudices of the Indians, but without producing the intended effect; and Jacket in the end so far yielded his own opinions, as to sign the treaty.

This fortunate negotiation will throw into market extensive tracts of valuable land, which have hitherto been useless to the natives, and have interposed serious obstacles to the improvement of the adjacent country.

Bath, Sept. 12.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS. The harvest, particularly in the interior of our State, has never been more abundant. This information we learn from a gentleman who has been some time in that section. The evidence of this is quite conclusive; it may not be improper, however, to detail a single fact, that while passing the Ferry, near Anson, he asked the ferry-man, a respectable man, whose name is Weston, how his crop was the present year; he replied, that it was quite as good as usual; that he had finished securing the grain part of it that day; and that he ascertained he should have twelve hundred bushels of Rye, eight hundred bushels of Oats, one hundred bushels of Wheat, and judged he should have more than one hundred bushels of Corn, as it was out of the way from injury by the frost; he has also cut hay sufficient for a large stock of cattle, kept on the farm. Young men, who are about commencing their business, as farmers, will, no doubt, do well to visit the interior of the State. This they may be assured of—they will find better roads, and better farms, than can be found on the sea-board.

Inquirer.

SPINNING FLAX. Two mechanics of Lowville, N. Y. have invented a machine for spinning flax, which is expected to be of great value. For such an invention Napoleon offered a great prize. Hitherto, all attempts to spin flax with a facility at all compared with that with which cotton is spun, have been ineffectual. If this machine succeeds, the price of linen will be greatly reduced, and become an article of export from the United States.

On Tuesday 12th inst. the Steamboat *Waterville* ran aground between Augusta and Hallowell in descending the river, which caused her to leak so badly as to render it necessary to put ashore to prevent her sinking. After pumping her out and stopping some of the places, which admitted the water, she descended the river to Bath to be more thoroughly repaired.

THE HALLOWELL ADVOCATE says "The crops of grain have been very good the past season; and present appearances indicate that we shall have an early and abundant harvest of corn, potatoes and garden vegetables."

A CLOSE RUN. The latest returns from the First Congressional District in Indiana, gave the following as the relative position in which Mr. Blake and Mr. Boon stood to each other: for Port, 5,200; Blake, 5,100.

THE OBSERVER.

PARIS, THURSDAY, SEPT. 26, 1826.

The Editor of this paper, in resuming his editorial duties, after a few weeks necessary absence, cannot refrain from the expression of his grateful feelings towards that gentleman, who, during this interval, has supplied his place with so much ability, fidelity and impartiality. In this, he believes that the feelings of the public will coincide with his own, and that they will join in the wish that he may be frequently favored with the productions of his pen.

Though the result of the late election is not yet fully ascertained, there seems to be but little room to doubt, that no choice has been made of a Representative to Congress. The contest will, therefore, be renewed, the battle again fought. We had earnestly hoped, that the question would have been decided at the first balloting, that the excitement which it had produced, might now be suffered to subside,—that the waters of bitterness might cease to flow. And we still hope, that if a second trial awaits us, it will be conducted with less of asperity and personal animosity than has been exhibited; that men in their anxiety to secure a result favorable to their own wishes, will not forget what is due to themselves,—to those who may differ from them in opinion, and to the public before whom they appear, and by whom they will be judged. To differ in the opinions we may form as to the merits of particular candidates, is certainly no crime, why then should we treat it as such in others?

For ourselves, in the discharge of our editorial duties, we should wish to give satisfaction to all—at least to all reasonable men. But however offensive it may be to some, we shall never suffer our paper to become the receptacle of abuse or scurrility. No cause or party can be supported among reflecting men, by such means. We cannot consent to gratify the malignant feelings of any man, or set of men, at the expense of all that is respectable and decent. To reject pieces of such a nature (if offered) would be doing a kindness to the authors, and to the party to which they belong. Now that the first effervescence of political passion and excitement has had time to subside, we hope and believe, that in the event of another trial, the question may be discussed and the affair decided in a more quiet and gentlemanly manner.

Since writing the above we have been informed of some mistake in the former returns, which lead us to hope that a choice may have been made, but do not yet consider it certain.

PEOPLE DINNER. A number of the inhabitants of the "Ancient Dominion" assembled at Lewisburg, (Va.) on the 30th August, to attend a public dinner given in honor of Mr. Clay. After the preliminary services had been performed, the cloth was removed and the Toast-drinking commenced with the usual subjects, "The Constitution" and some of the ancient worthies. They then came to the more immediate subject matter of their meeting and gave the following toast: "Our distinguished Guest Henry Clay, the Statesman, orator, patriot and philanthropist, his splendid talents shed a lustre on his native State, his eloquence is an ornament to his country." To the truth of this statement all present were undoubtedly inclined to yield a ready assent; but lest any should be disposed to doubt, or be unable to give a reason for the faith that was in them, the "Orator" was determined to prove it on the spot, and thereupon, immediately commenced a speech by far too long to be inserted in our paper. He undoubtedly convinced his audience that he could make a speech, but whether he proved himself an orator, let those who read, judge. One at least of the requisites of a good orator appears to have been wanting, namely, modesty. It seems to have been a renewal of the old subject, a labored defence of his own conduct. How it may have been received there, we know not, but here a man would not gain much in the estimation of the people who should make a speech in his own praise; and some might perhaps infer, that he himself did not think his conduct to have been perfectly correct, or that others had some reason to be dissatisfied with it, to make a defence of this kind necessary. As for ourselves, we deem it altogether useless and irrelevant. The facts are all before the people, and he has long since given to the public the reasons and motives upon which he acted.—Where then was the necessity or propriety of this useless repetition? We notice this subject not from any hostile feeling towards Mr. Clay; our intention (from which we have somewhat wandered) was, merely to offer a passing remark, on a custom but too prevalent in our country, which appears to us to say the least absurd, and one which would be "more honored in the breach than in the observance;" we mean that of inviting a man to a public dinner, for the purpose of bespattering him to his face with fulsome praise, and expecting from him a speech in return. Next to the absurdity of such a custom

we hold that of publishing an account of such proceedings. If men choose to drink wine and talk nonsense over it, let them, but do not publish it abroad. A man should have the digestive powers as well as the strength of a Mi to go through one of these eating and drinking campaigns in safety.

THE JANIZARIES. By the latest accounts we have from Turkey, it appears that a great deal of excitement and bloodshed has been produced there by a revolt of the Janizaries. This singular body of troops, has been for some centuries, a fruitful source of anarchy and confusion to the Turkish empire. They were established in the year 1361, according to some, by Amurath I. called the Conqueror; but others attribute their formation to Othman or Osman. Their name, signifies in the Turkish language, a new band or troop. They were formed by choosing out one fifth part of the Christian prisoners taken from the Greeks, and in instructing them in the discipline of war, and the doctrines of the Mahometan religion. They were then sent to Hagl Bektasche, (a person whose pretended piety had rendered him extremely revered among the Turks,) to the end that he might confer his blessing on them, and at the same time give them some mark, to distinguish them from the rest of the troops. Bektasche after blessing them in his manner, cut off one of the sleeves of the fur gown which he had on, and put it on the head of the leader of this new militia; and to the present time they have still retained the name and the fur cap. *Sieur Du Verdier*, in his history of the Turks, printed at Paris in 1676, attributes their origin to Osman, the first Emperor of the Turks, and in his Life of that Prince thus speaks of them: "As his (Osman's) foresight was equal to his courage, he neglected not, in the havoc of prosperity to provide the means of securing to his empire that splendor and prosperity which he had acquired for it. He had derived important advantages from a select corps of his bravest soldiers; he therefore ordered, that they should form his body guard, both amid the dangers of war and during the repose of peace: And this regulation has been so faithfully observed by his successors, that they consider no soldiers equal to the Janizaries." Whatever they might have been in their first formation, since that time Turks as well as Christians have been admitted into their ranks. Their number is generally above 40,000; divided into 162 companies or chambers, in which they live together at Constantinople, as in a convent. They are not prohibited marriage, yet they rarely marry, nor then but with the consent of their officers, as imagining a married man to make a worse soldier than a bachelor. They are of a superior rank to all other soldiers, and are also more arrogant and factious, and it is by them that the public tranquillity is mostly disturbed. The government may therefore be said to be in the hands of the Janizaries, and this power they have used by no means sparingly. Like the Praetorian bands in the latter ages of the Roman empire, they have disposed of the throne at their own sovereign will and pleasure. Their privileges are proportioned to their power, and they remedy real or imaginary evils in a very summary way. Monarchs are deposed, and obnoxious ministers removed at their nod. But though sometimes the foe of tyrants who may have been so unfortunate as to incur their displeasure, they are by no means the friends of the people, on whom they look down with the most sovereign contempt. Hitherto their demands have been complied with, and their revolts quelled by concessions. But the present Sultan has ventured to resist their demands and has called out his other troops to oppose them. Many thousands have been slaughtered, but they are not yet subdued. It remains to be seen whether their formidable power is now to be subverted and broken up or whether they are still to triumph, and give law to their nominal masters.

JOSEPH G. COLE, Esq. was admitted an Attorney at the Court of Common Pleas which closed its session yesterday.

We have been shown a Watermelon raised by Mr. MARSHAL STEARNS, of this town, weighing 26 1-2 lbs. Let Maine beat this.

Representatives Chosen.
Livermore—Benjamin Bradford.*
Durfield, &c.—John Storor.
Fryburg, &c.—James Osgood.
Brownfield, &c.—Daniel Bean.
Jay—Ezekiel Richardson.
Cape Elizabeth—Micah Higgins.
Cumberland—Nicholas Riceout, Jr.
North Yarmouth—Jacob Mitchell.
Freeport—William Pole.
Raymond—Zachariah Leach.
Durham—Allen H. Cobb.
Windham—Stephen Webb.
Gorham—Clark Dyer.
New Gloucester—Doct. Benjamin Mace.
Poland—Jabez True, Jr.
Gray—Meshech Humphrey.
Powand and Danville—Simon Estes.
Windsor—James Wingate.
Waterville—Rev. Sylvanus Cobb.
Vassalborough—Elijah Robinson.
Bath—Benjamin Ames.

*Erroneously stated in the Observer of the 14th inst.

Thomaston—John Ruggles.
Litchfield—D. C. Burr.
Bowdoinham—George Jewett.
Topsham—Nabum Perkins.
Woolwich—John Stinson.
Philipsburg—Parker McCobb.
Wiscasset—Moses Shaw.
Alna—Lucius Barnard.
Edgcomb, Rufus Sewall.
Waldoborough—Charles Miller.
Nobleborough—Albert Smith.
Dresden—George Houdlette.
Bowdoin—Charles Potter.
Jefferson—Jesse Rowell.
Bristol—Aaron Blaney.
Camden—D. Wood.
Warren—Amos H. Hodgman.
Whitefield—Moses Peasley.
Lewistown—Oliver Herrick.
York—C. O. Emerson.
Kittery—Joshua F. Chase.
Sanford—T. Shaw.
Berwick—William Weymouth.
Elliot—William Fogg.
Linington—N. Clark.
Shapleigh—John Trafton.
Cornish—Amos Pease.
Parsonfield—Noah Weeks.
Norridgewock—Drummond Farnsworth.
Bloomfield—Isaac Farrar.
Madison, &c.—Levi G. Fletcher.

Votes for Representative:

	Right	Wrong	Scatter
In our last, corrected,	1312	840	399
Oxford,	25	55	
Livermore	81	36	
Berlin	20		
Wilton	85		
Temple	25	6	
Carthage	28		
Newry	37	5	
Brighton	46	21	27
Harrison	22	36	

OFFICERS OF OXFORD LODGE,
 Elected on the 14th inst.
STEPHEN EMERY, Master.
LEVI RAWSON, S. Warden.
JOHN R. BRIGGS, J. Warden.
SIMEON CHIPMAN, Treasurer.
JOHN MILLETT, S. Deacon.
ISAAC CUMMINGS, Jr. J. Deacon.
ORIN SHAW, Steward.
WILLIAM NOYES, Steward.
DAVIS PAINE, Tyler.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

On Thursday September 14, 1826—the Ladies of Rumford and Bethel met according to their appointment, and presented an elegant Military Standard to the Rumford Light Infantry Company, which they had previously purchased by subscription.—It was presented by Miss DOLLY KEYES with the following Address:

Gentlemen! In behalf of the Ladies of Rumford and Bethel, I have the honor of presenting to the Light Infantry Company of Rumford, this Military Standard; and of communicating their high sense of the military skill, and gentlemanly deportment, displayed by the Officers and Soldiers, in their movements and evolutions; and also of the great improvements they have made since the organization of the Company.

Although our Sex are exempt from the toils of war, and the fatigues of military service; yet to encourage and cherish in the militia, deeds of valor and achievements of glory—we consider it our great privilege and duty, and the true policy of every citizen. For the events of the Revolutionary and last War in a striking and convincing manner, evince the character and value of the American militia.—The scenes of Bunker Hill, Bennington, Plattsburg, and New-Orleans, will, till the last period of our history, be adduced as memorable instances of their prowess, perseverance, and patriotism. It was then the spirit of the militia was roused, it was then, that the true character and design of the militia were made manifest, it was then, the altars, the wives, and the children of our ancestors and friends were put in jeopardy.—It was then, that our natural defenders unsheathed their swords, and taught our enemies a lesson that will never be forgotten.—"That the fair fields of America are not to be invaded with impunity."

Should you ever be called to follow this Standard into the "contested field," or to repel invasion from our State; or should America, (the cradle of liberty,) be threatened; or our seaboard in danger of despotism; or our country summoned you to the field—let every sense of duty, of patriotism, of love of country, urge a cheerful obedience to the summons—but remember, this Standard is not to be surrendered, but with life.

Then, like your Sires, who were ever awake to their best interest, never shrink from the post of danger, when your rights, your homes, your firesides, and your altars are invaded.

Should you ever breast the storm of war, and approach those fields where your fathers fought and died to purchase your liberty,—then let this Standard wave proudly; and remember, that you are their sons, and that their spirits will hover over you, and look down and witness the valor of their children; and the God of Armies, who fought their battles, will be your shield and your defence.

Let every man do his duty to himself—his country—and his God; and then you may look with a confident hope, by the blessing of heaven, that this Standard will return with you from the field of glory and victory, as a witness for you, that it was defended by a Light Infantry Company, whose motto is and ever should be, "Victory or Death."

The Standard was then received by Ensign ASA GRAHAM, and the following Compliment was addressed to the Ladies:

Ladies! It is impossible for me to express the emotions that arise in my bosom, for the high honor and respect that you have this day, conferred upon the Rumford Light Infantry Company, by presenting to them this splendid and elegant Standard, which does honor to you and the Company to whom it is presented. Permit me, Ladies, the pride of our hearts, the solace of our lives, the most noble, beautiful, fairest part of God's creation, in behalf of my brother officers and soldiers, to tender you our most sincere and heartfelt gratitude, for the high sense you entertain of our mili-

tary skill, deportment, and improvement, which will always be retained in grateful remembrance.—Although you are formed for more delicate and nobler purposes than war, yet you have your full share of all the toils, troubles and trials incident to the human race.

The events in war have been truly remarkable. In the Revolutionary War two whole armies were compelled to yield to an inferior force, and the American Standard waved in triumphant victory. In the last War the enemy were taught, that the sons inherited the valor of their fathers. In the battle of New-Orleans, the enemy lost nearly 2000 men with three of their Chief Commanders; at the same time our loss was less than 20. We acknowledge our enemy (who ought to be our greatest friends) to be masters of the Seas; but our infant Navy has stripped them of their naval glory. In the engagements on Lakes Erie and Champlain, two whole fleets were compelled by a less numerous force, to strike to the American flag. In these and other events, we see the mighty God of war has been propitious to us, and has smiled on his chosen and freeborn sons of America. Such achievements fill us with military ardor, and almost make us pant for military glory.

But, Ladies, we are for peace; and shall always labor to promote it on honorable terms with all nations, and to establish free and social intercourse with them.—Though we esteem all nations as friends, yet as enemies, when they break over the sacred barriers of social compact to despoil us of those privileges we enjoy, and which we hold sacred, being purchased by the toils and blood of our illustrious ancestors.

Such was the patriotism of our fathers—and such shall be the patriotism of their sons. Should we be called upon to repel invasion of our State and country, or should any enemy or tyrant of any nation, even of that league or "Holy Alliance," attempt to raise their hostile arms against this, our beloved country,—then we will unfurl this Standard, and draw our swords in support of our liberties, our wives, our children, our friends; and this Standard, which you have so patriotically brought forward at this time, and delivered as sacred to our charge, which shall never be relinquished nor deserted, but with the last drop of our blood; nor shall our swords be returned to their scabbards, till that enemy who shall dare to offend, be completely subdued.

Then we will return from the field of glory and victory, with this Standard proudly waving, as a witness to you, that it was gallantly supported and defended by the Rumford Light Infantry Company, whose motto is and ever shall be, "Victory or Death."

A CARD.

MR. EDITOR.—The Managers of the Camp-Meeting recently held in Paris, wish, through the Observer, to express their approbation and thanks to those that attended the Meeting; for their good decorum, religious regard, and polite behaviour (almost to an individual) while attending the Meeting.

Died,
 In Hallowell, Mr. Shubael Hinkley, aged 90 years.

In Millbury, (Mass.) on the 10th inst. at Mr. Rufus Barton's, Maj. Robert Goddard, of Maine, aged 68.

Dr. J. Holmes

OFFERS his services in any business in the line of the Medical Profession, trusting that his opportunities have been such as to encourage him confidently to engage in its duties.

Apply at his Room, at the House now occupied by Mr. ASA Robinson.
 Paris, Sept. 26, 1826. *117

Attorney at Law.

D. Robinson Straw
 HAS opened an Office in the town of SANDERVILLE, and County of Penobscot, where he will attend with promptness and fidelity to such business as may be intrusted to his care.
*Sanderville, Aug. 22, 1826. *117*

SALE AT AUCTION.

WILL BE SOLD at Public Auction, by license of the Court of Probate, on Monday the ninth of October next, at nine of the clock, A. M. at the late dwelling-house of ANSEN RAWSON, of Paris, deceased, part of the Personal Property belonging to the estate of said deceased—consisting of
 7 Cows—1 yoke of Oxen—1 pair of two-year old Steers—4 two-year old Heifers—2 Horses—2 yearling Colts—30 or 40 Merino Sheep—1 single Sleigh—20 or 30 tons of good English Hay.
 Terms of Sale—a liberal Credit with good security.
 LYMAN RAWSON, Admr.
 Paris, Sept. 26, 1826.

ASA BARTON,

AGENT FOR THE
New-England Insurance Company,
 Capital 200,000 Dollars,
 continues to issue Policies at fair rates of Premiums, on application to him at the OXFORD BOOKSTORE.

STRAYED.

STRAYED from the enclosure of *Jac. Whittemore, Jr.* in Hebron, on the sixteenth inst. a Horse COLT, three years old, of a good appearance, large size, and brown color. Whoever will return said Colt or Horse, or give information so that he may be had, shall be handsomely rewarded.
 Denmark, Sept. 16, 1826. *117

HEBRON ACADEMY.

THE Annual Exhibition of the students of Hebron Academy, will be on Wednesday, the 11th of October next.—Exercises to commence at one o'clock, P. M. precisely.

SILVER & GOLD

PAID for Bills on the Kennebec Bank, at the Oxford Bookstore, if offered immediately.
 ASA BARTON, Agent.

NEW FALL GOODS.

G. C. LYFORD
 (At No. 6, Boyd's Buildings, Middle-street.)
 HAS JUST RECEIVED

30 PACKAGES
 British, French,
 American and India
 GOODS.

—AMONG WHICH ARE—
 1400 yards Scotch & Tartan Plaids.
 1300 " Black, Color'd, & Figur'd BOMBAZETTES.
 3000 " CALICOES, elegant Patterns.
 2500 " BROWN SHEETINGS, at 12 1-2 cts. per yard.
 1300 " Do. Do. at 15 cts.
 600 " Do. Do. at 1s.
 1000 " BLEACHED SHEETINGS, from 1s. to 22 cts.
 1500 " BLEACHED SHIRTINGS, from 12 1-2 to 20 cts.
 750 " FACTORY GINGHAMS.
 450 " BEDTICKINGS.
 50 BLACK LACE VELS.

Blue, Black, Olive, Claret, Brown & Mixed BROADCLOTHS; CASSIMERES; Ladies' Habit Cloths; Battinets; Flannels; Cambrics; Muslins; Linens; Ribbons; Nankin and Canton Grapes; Black Twilled Silks; Italian Silks; Black Figured Silks; Worsteds; Fine assortment of Gloves; Dimities; Norwich Grapes; Elegant London Bombazines, &c. &c. &c.

All of which are selling Rapidly AT UNUSUAL LOW PRICES.
 Portland, Sept. 1826. 6w 116

LUTHER PRATT'S ESTATE.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the sale of Real Estate which was to have taken place on Saturday the 23d day of September instant—on account of the weather, is adjourned to Saturday the 7th day of October next, at 11 of the clock in the forenoon, at the Dwelling-house on the premises.

THOMAS CLARK, Administrator of the estate of Luther Pratt, deceased.
 Paris, Sept. 26, 1826. 6w 117

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE.

TO BE SOLD at Public Auction, by order of the Judge of Probate, for the County of Oxford, at the Store of JOHN HEARSEY, Esq. of Canton, on Monday the thirteenth day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, four Lots of unimproved Land lying in said Canton, being of the following numbers and range, viz:—8, 15—10, 15—12, 12—19, 8—and an undivided half of Lot 9, 18.

Also, To be sold at the Post-Office, in Jay, on Tuesday the 14th day of November next, at one o'clock in the afternoon, two Lots of Land, lying in Jay, being Lots numbered 15, in the 13th Range, and 19, in the 8th Range. Said Lands are the property of the late CORNELIUS STONE, of Watertown, (Mass.) deceased, and are sold for the purpose of raising the sum of twelve hundred dollars, for the payment of the just debts of said deceased, and charges of Administration.

NATHANIEL STONE, Administrator.
 By MOSES STONE, his Attorney.
 Jay, Sept. 27, 1826. *117

NOTICE.

THE subscriber having contracted with the town of Bethel for the support of Mr. ISAAC FROST, a town pauper; he therefore forbids all persons harboring or furnishing him with any article whatever, on his account, as he has made suitable provision for his support.

PEREGRINE BARTLETT.
 Bethel, Sept. 25, 1826. 117

LAW BOOKS.

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore, THE MAINE CIVIL OFFICER, or the Powers and Duties of Sheriffs, Coronors, Constables, and Collectors of Taxes, with all the necessary forms for business in either of the above named offices.
 Also—GLAZIER & Co's Edition of the Laws of Maine. This edition is much better than the one published by the State, and as the Proprietors are about to raise the price, (as the edition is almost sold,) persons who wish for a correct Copy of the Laws of our State, at a low price, will do well to make immediate application.
 Sept. 28.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Administrator, with the Will annexed, on the estate of

JESSE FULLER, late of Hebron, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

BARNABAS FULLER.
 Hebron, Sept. 26, 1826. *117

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that he has been duly appointed and taken upon himself the trust of Executor of the last Will and Testament of

ELLAH SOULE, late of Hartford, in the County of Oxford, yeoman, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—He therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

JOSEPH SOULE.
 Hartford, Sept. 26, 1826. *117

THE BOWER.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ACROSTIC.

Attentive to friends—to his family kind;
Bestow'd with a cheerful, benevolent mind;
No thoughts of revenge ever dwell with him
here—
Every tie due to friendship ever held his life
dear;
Remembrance oft brings his beloved image
near.
Return'd to the dust, lo! his star has now
set—
Attach'd to his virtues, we ne'er can forget:
While continuing here, no *Balm* can be found
Sufficient to heal such a heart-rending wound.
One comfort remains—the belief he is blest,
Near Christ, in his kingdom, forever at rest.
R. C.

SELECTED FOR THE OBSERVER.

THE DOVE.

O tell where the Dove has flown,
To build her downy nest;
And I would search the world around,
To win her to my breast.
I sought her in the rosy bower,
Where pleasure holds her reign;
And fancy flies from flower to flower—
But there I sought in vain.
I sought her in the grove of love—
I knew her tender heart;
Yet she has flown, the peaceful Dove,
And left the traitor's dart.
Up on ambition's craggy hill,
The pensive bird might stray;
I sought her there, but vainly still,
She never flew that way.
Faith's smile'd and shed a tender tear,
To see me search around;
Then whispers, I can tell thee where
The bird may yet be found.
By meek *REVEREND*'s humble cot,
She builds her downy nest;
O seek the sweet secluded spot,
And win her to thy breast.
W.

THE OLIO.

[From the Johnstown Republican.]
BATTLE OF JOHNSTOWN.

The following account of the battle, fought between the Americans and the British in the Revolutionary War, near this village, is from the most respectable source, and can be relied on as correct. The battle was fought on what is called the "Hall Farm," within sight of this village, where some of the remains of a ditch which was then dug for an intrenchment, as is supposed, are still visible. Every scrap of the history of our Revolutionary War is worth preserving, and this no doubt will be very interesting to the public. It is the first account of the battle, we believe, that has ever been published:

On the 24th of October, 1781, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Col. Marinus Willett, then commanding on the Northern Frontiers of the State of New-York, received advice that a considerable hostile force had been discovered in the upper part of the Mohawk District. At 1 o'clock on the 25th, he had advanced within two miles of Port Hunter, with between 4 and 500 levies and militia, who on the emergency had been collected to oppose the enemy. Intelligence was there received, that the enemy had crossed the river and were marching to Johnstown. Col. Willett proceeded by the shortest route to meet the enemy, and determined to attack them with all possible despatch. Within two miles of Johnstown, he ordered his left wing, by a circuit through the woods, to fall upon their right flank, and his right to advance in front. The latter soon came in sight of the enemy, displayed in an adjoining field and advanced towards them. The enemy retired with precipitation to a wood, close pressed by the advance, and considerable skirmishing ensued. While the remainder of the right wing were advancing briskly in two columns, the whole corps without any apparent cause, turned and fled without the possibility of being rallied. Owing to this, a small field-piece placed upon an eminence, to secure a retreat, was captured. At this critical moment, Major Rowley, of Massachusetts, appeared in the enemy's rear, with the left wing, composed of militia and about sixty levies from that State. This reinforcement soon gave the enemy a total defeat, and regained all which was lost. Night came on; the enemy leaving many of their packs, retreated into the woods, and after a march of six miles encamped on a mountain. On the 27th Col. Willett marched to the German Flatts, to intercept the enemy on their return to their boats, left a little below Oneida Creek. On the 28th, provisioned about 400 men besides Indians, to pursue the enemy, who had crossed the Mohawk at Fort Herkimer. On the 29th, marched 20 miles in a snow storm through the woods. At 8 o'clock in the morning of the 30th, fell in with the enemy's rear; killed some, took and dispersed the rest. The main body made a rapid retreat, but were warmly pursued until night; they made but one stand during the day, at a very bad ford on Canada Creek, where Major Butler, and several more [of the enemy] were killed. The enemy who had been four days in the wilderness, with only half a pound of horse flesh per man, retreated 30 miles, without stopping—many were sacrificed in consequence. Packs and blankets were strewn on their route, and all the horses except five were taken. The enemy's loss was very severe, as the fields at Johnstown, the marshes and woods through which they retreated, were strewn with their killed and wounded. According to a return found in Major Butler's pocket, the hostile

force sent on this expedition, amounted to 607 men, including Indians; and only 220 returned to Canada. The Americans consisted of 400 levies and militia and about 60 Oneida Indians.

THE MYSTERIOUS GUESTS.

About sixty years ago, two Englishmen one day arrived at Calais in the Dover packet. They did not take up their quarters at the hotel of Mons. Dessein, on whom the author of the *Sentimental Journey* bestowed such celebrity, but went to an obscure inn, kept by a man of the name of Du Long. They desired to have his best apartments, spent a great deal of money, relished the produce of his wretched kitchen, and thought his adulterated wine perfectly genuine. From day to day Du Long supposed they would continue their journey, and proceed to the capital; for that they had come merely to see Calais was an idea too absurd to enter any body's head. But so far from continuing their journey, and proceeding to the capital, they did not even inspect what was worth seeing at Calais; for, except going out now and then to shoot snipes, they kept close at home, eating, drinking, and doing nothing. "They may be spies," thought the host, "or runaways, or fools. No matter; what is that to me? They pay honestly." When he was sitting in an evening over a pint with his neighbor and relation, the grocer, they used to rack their brains about the mysterious guests. "They are spies," said the grocer; "one of them squints with his left eye." "A man may squint without being a spy," rejoined the host: "I should take them for runaways, for they read all my newspapers, probably for the sake of advertisements." His kinsman then assured him that all Englishmen spend at least a twelfth part of their lives in reading newspapers. The conclusion to which they generally came was that as the said foreigners were apparently neither spies nor runaways, they could not possibly be any thing else than Fools. Here the matter rested. In this opinion Du Long was still more confirmed when, at the end of a few weeks, one of his guests, an elderly man, thus addressed him:—"Landlord," said he, "we like your house; and if you will acquiesce in a certain whim, it is probable that we might continue for a long time to spend our money with you." "Your honors have only to give your commands; an innkeeper is, by profession, the slave of all the whims that throng to him from all the four quarters of the globe." "You have, to be sure," continued he, "had a prodigiously large beast painted on your sign; but your house is only a fly among inns; it scarcely contains three tolerable rooms, and unfortunately they all look into the street. We are fond of rest; we want to sleep. Your watchman has a very loud voice and the coaches roll the whole night along the street, so as to make all the windows rattle. We wake every quarter of an hour to curse them, and fall asleep again, to be again waked in another quarter of an hour. You must admit, my dear fellow, that this is enough to destroy our health and exhaust our patience." The host shrugged his shoulders. "How can it be helped?" "Very easily," replied the stranger, "if you are not afraid of a little expense, in which we will go halves, without requiring at our departure the smallest compensation." Du Long, whose barren field had, since the arrival of the Englishmen, been daily fertilized with a shower of guineas, promised to do all that lay in his power to satisfy his guests, but he could not help the rattling of the coaches and bellowing of the watchman. "Neither is it necessary," answered the stranger. "Behind your house you have a little garden; for, except a little parsley for your soups, I observe nothing in it but nettles. The old garden wall too, in spite of its thickness, is just ready to tumble. Suppose you were to make use of this space to run up a little building, a sort of pleasure house, even if it were to contain no more than a couple of rooms. It might be supported by the old wall, by which means a considerable part of the expense would be spared, and the wall itself would be propped up. As I just now mentioned, for the sake of a quiet lodging, we would willingly defray one half of the costs, and when we are gone the building will be yours; you will then have an additional couple of convenient rooms to let. If, on the other hand, you object to our proposal, we must leave you." The host, however, had not the least objection, though he thought within himself—"My kinsman and I were right enough in concluding that these people were Fools." He immediately sent for a bricklayer, the place was examined, and the Englishmen described what they should like to have done. Joists and bricks were quickly brought; three light walls were run up, the old garden wall formed the fourth, from which sloped a half roof; so that the whole looked more like a wood-house than a habitation; but the strangers were satisfied, and Du Long laughed in his sleeve. Two months thus passed in mutual content: the golden spring flowed abundantly, though the wine grew worse and worse every

day. The two Englishmen very seldom quitted their lodging, where they ate, drank, and read the newspapers. The only thing that surprised the landlord of the Golden Elephant was, that for the sake of nocturnal repose they had built a house for themselves, and that now he perceived a light the whole night through in their apartments. He once conjectured they might be coiners; but as all the money they spent passed through his hands, and their guineas, after a most careful examination, were always found to be good, his kinsman and he had again no alternative than to set them down for fools. One fine day in autumn he saw them go out with their guns slung over their shoulders. They told them they were going to take the diversion of snipe shooting, and took leave of him for three days. The three days passed, and so did the fourth, but the strangers did not make their appearance. On the fifth, Du Long shook his head; on the sixth, his kinsman began to shake his also; on the seventh, this suspicious circumstance was communicated to the police; and on the eighth, the deserted habitation was broken open with all the formalities of law. On the table was found a billet, the contents of which were as follows:—"Dear Landlord!—If you have any acquaintance with history, you must know that the English were once, during a period of two hundred and ten years, in possession of Calais; that they were at length driven out of it by the Duke of Guise, who treated them in the same manner as our Edward III. did the French; that is, drove them out of the town and seized all their effects. Not long since, we were so fortunate as to discover, in a chest of old parchments, deeds that proved that one of our ancestors formerly possessed at Calais a large house, on the site of which three houses stand at present; yours is one of the three. When our ancestor was obliged to flee, he buried his gold and silver at the foot of a thick wall, which is still in existence. Among his papers we found one which afforded satisfactory information respecting the situation of the building. We immediately repaired to Calais, and luckily found a public house on the spot so interesting to us; we took lodgings in it, examined every thing, and concerted measures to take possession of our lawful inheritance without exciting notice. In what manner we removed all obstacles is well known to you. The great hole, and the empty iron chest, which you will find under the wall in our chamber, are proofs that we have been successful. We make you a present of the chest, and advise you to fill up the hole, and to give yourself no further concern about us; all inquiries will be vain, as the names we went by were only assumed. Farewell." The landlord of the Golden Elephant stood stock still, and with open mouth. His kinsman came: both looked at the hole, and then at the empty chest, and then at one another, and agreed that the strangers were not such fools as they had taken them for.

[From the French of La Grange.]

ROBESPIERRE.

Robespierre is a man of middling stature, of a disagreeable figure, that indicates more vivacity than mind. Even in his most calm moments he can scarcely disguise the malice and wickedness which are said to predominate in his heart, and to express which his features seem to have been specially formed. He distinguished himself in the Constituent Assembly by the violence of his speeches, and he has distinguished himself still more in the Jacobin Society by the violence of his measures. His eloquence consists in invective against tyrants and aristocrats, and in declamation in favor of liberty. His speeches are destitute of argument, but occasionally, very fertile in flowers of rhetoric. Robespierre passes for an enthusiast, rather than a hypocrite. Some, however, think him both, which indeed is not without example. For my own part, he appears to me to deserve the former character much more than the latter. He has always refused every kind of lucrative office. He is anxious for popularity, but not for riches; and even his enemies, who detect many traits in his character, admit that he is proof against the corruption which is induced by avarice.

[From the Schomberg Republican.]

THE RITER BIT.

A travelling tin merchant, from the land of "wooden nutmegs, and horn gun-flints," while moving with his portable ware-house through an adjoining town, called upon a very shrewd descendant of St. Crispin, or, in other words, a pretty "wide awake" shoemaker, who having on hand a Plattsburg dollar bill, thought the present opportunity a very fine one for disposing of it—beside the immortal honor he would acquire by having "sucked in a Yankee pedler," a consideration of no small importance, it being generally believed a very difficult point to accomplish. He accordingly bought a tin paste horn, and giving a knowing wink to the by-standers, offered his Plattsburg bill, and requested the change. The pedler looked grave, and shook his head—he did not like the

bill, he said, for he had heard the bank was down. Crispin said "there was no such thing—the report was set afloat by brokers and speculators, men not to be relied upon—the bills were perfectly good; as good as specie—and, as to that matter, a little better, because it was less trouble to carry it;" and all the spectators joined with him in recommending the bill to be a good bill, and the bank that issued it to be a bank of "exceeding good repute." The bill being so highly recommended, the unsuspecting pedler put it into his pocket, and handed out the change—the shoemaker laughed behind his ears, and no one looked really honest but the pedler. But trading did not stop here; Crispin, elated with his success, offered to sell the man of tin, a lot of shoes at a reduced price for cash. The pedler bargained for them at \$10, deposited the shoes in his cart-box, paid the amount in Plattsburg bills, and drove leisurely off, whistling the old tune of "Catch a Weazle asleep."

IRISH BULLS.

The following extract of a letter is said to have been written to a friend in London, by an Irish Baronet in 1793:

My Dear Sir,—Enjoying now a little peace and quietness, I sit down to inform you of this dreadful bustle and confusion we are in from those blood-thirsty rebels, most of whom are, thank God, killed or dispersed. We are in a pretty mess—can get nothing to eat, and no wine to drink, except whiskey. When we sit down to dinner, we are obliged to keep both hands armed; and while I write this letter I hold a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. Last Thursday, notice was given that a gang of rebels was advancing hither under the French standard, but they had no colors, nor any drums, except bagpipes. Immediately, every man in the place, including women and boys, ran out to meet them; we soon found our force much too little; and they were far too many for us to think of retreating. Death was in every face, but to it we went. Fortunately, the rebels had no guns, but pistols, cutlasses, and pikes; and as we had plenty of muskets and ammunition, we put them all to the sword; not a soul of them escaped, except some that were drowned in an adjoining bog. Their uniform was all of different colors, but mostly green. After the action we went to rummage a sort of camp they had left behind them; all we found was a few pikes without any heads. Troops are placed every where round the country, which exactly squares with my ideas. I have only time to add that I am in haste. Your's truly, VIVIAN PICK.

Some of our Journals have lately repeated Tom Sheridan's facetious equivoque to his father when he advised him to take a wife—"I have no objection, Sir; whose wife shall I take?" An equivalent to, if not the original of which we remember to be of some standing in Warwickshire. Sir —, a Justice of the Peace, had frequently before him, at the suit of the parish, Farmer B —, whose love of intrigue often brought him into paternal scrapes. One day, while his Worship sat with my lady, it was announced that the worthy Farmer, in charge of the Constable, attended for a hearing touching one of his usual misdoings. My lady was requested to leave the room during the examination; and on going away met the culprit—"Ah! John, John! (said she) why do you meddle with the girls—why don't you get a wife?" Poor John scratched his head apologetically, and replied, "So I does, ma Lady, some times, but then their hosbonds are so dommed mad!"

CROSS READINGS.

Lost, Some time last week, a laugh. The finder shall be rewarded with—a fine set of teeth.

Found, A small black morocco Pocket-book, containing an account of—two blushes and five kisses.

A man was lately sent to the State-prison for two years, for having in his possession, with an intent to pass the same as true—an unlucky habit of cracking his fingers.

A lady in high life has separated from—1000 yards of straw-braid.

Last night, between the hours of 11 and 12, the citizens of this town were alarmed by—three loud and deep-toned snores.

ASA BARTON, AGENT.

HAS just received and offers for sale—Young Nyon Tea at \$1—Souchong at 62 1/2 cts.—Coffee at 20 cts.—Tobacco at 20 cts. per pound.—Raisins—Spices—Pepper—Ginger—Cinnamon—Alum—Vinegar—Starch, &c.—all which are of the first quality. Also—Sheetings at 12—Hutings at 12 1/2 cts. per yard—Satinets—Checks—Stripes—Yarns—Threads, &c. Also—A good assortment of Calicoes; Cambrics; Muslins; Laces; Edgings; Insertings; Frills; Ruffs; Pipeings; Ords; Braids; Gimps; Ribbons; Mantles; Shawls; Crapes; Dresses, &c.—to be sold Cheap. Sept. 21.

FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, is BROWN'S DROPS for Fits. This medicine has been the means of effecting several cures in this distressing disorder. Also—La Grange's celebrated OINTMENT for the cure of *Scald Head*, and other Cutaneous Disorders. Aug. 21.

CANAL LOT.

As the sale of tickets will not be drawing of the 8th class of the BERLAND & OXFORD CANAL LOT, on the 13th inst. it is necessarily postponed for a few days. The Managers will shortly fix the day on which the class will positively be drawn. P. VARNUN, } Managers.
N. MITCHELL, }
Sept. 8, 1836.

A few good Chances for PRIZES in the above Lottery, for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Sept. 21.

NOTICE.

THE subscribers, a Committee appointed by the inhabitants of Hebron, to contract for making the Road from John Lovejoy's to Pigeon Hill, in said town, give notice, that they are ready to receive proposals for making said road, or any part thereof, as may best suit those who may wish to contract.

Any who are desirous of contracting are invited to examine the ground and submit their proposals to either of said Committee on or before Tuesday the third day of October next, at which time the making of said Road will be put up at Auction, at the old School-house in District No. Six, in said town, at one o'clock P. M. unless previously contracted for. The extent of the Road to be made is about four miles and thirty rods, crossing the Little Androscoggin River, over which a Bridge is to be built.

CYRUS SHAW,
STEPHEN MYRICK,
ISAAC WHITTMORE, Jr.,
Hebron, Sept. 15, 1836. 2w

NEW BOOKS!

JUST received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore—Worcester's Gazetteer, 2 vols. octavo, latest edition; Morse's Universal Geography, 2 vols. octavo; Abernethy's Surgical and Physiological Works; Good's Study of Medicine; Johnson on the Liver; Bichat's Anatomy; Thomas's Practice; Medical Chemistry, &c.

Also—The Rambler, by Johnson; Montgomery's, Cowper's, Campbell's and Hogg's Poems.
Likewise—The Instrumental Director, new edition; Drum and Fife Instructor, new edition. Sept. 11.

NOTICE!

HEREBY GIVEN—The Anniversary of the Tyrocinic Adelpi Society, will be celebrated on the eleventh day of October next. Exercises to commence at half past ten A. M. precisely. Gratian to be pronounced by William Ladd, Esq. of Minot. Per order of the President.

GEORGE C. WHITNEY,
Secretary of T. A. Society. 2116

MILITARY.

FOR sale at the Oxford Bookstore, Scott's Militia Tactics;
Also—A pair good Eppaulettes.

Likewise—Legers for Debt and Credit on the same page—Day Books—Record Books, &c.—Sponges—India Rubber—Lead Pencils—Drawing Paper, &c. Sept. 7.

SHERIFF'S NOTICE.

OXFORD, ss.
PURSUANT to Warrants from ELIAS THOMAS, Esq. Treasurer of the State of Maine, to me directed, against the following townships of unimproved Land, situated in the County of Oxford, for the following State Tax, for the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty five, viz: S c
Township No. 2, Second Range, 5 67
" " No. 2, letter A, 7 26
I hereby give notice that unless said Taxes and all intervening charges are previously paid, so much of the Townships of Land will be sold at Public Auction, at the Court-House, in Paris, on Monday, the twenty third day of October next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, as will be necessary to pay the same respectively.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY, Sheriff
of Oxford County.
Hebron, Aug. 28, A. D. 1836. 6w 113

SCOTT'S FAMILY BIBLE.
FOR SALE at the Oxford Bookstore, a Scott's Family Bible, Stereotype edition, six volumes, handsomely bound—Cheap.

Also—FAMOUS LANCE, a new and popular work, 2 vols.
Grammar of Astronomy—Easy Lessons in Geography, &c. &c. Sept. 14.

NOTICE

IS hereby given to all persons indebted to MORSE & HALL, by Note or Account, of more than Eight Months standing, are requested to make payment to them previous to the first of November next, or they will be left with an Attorney for collection.
Paris, Aug. 11, 1836. 11w 111

NOTICE.

WHEREAS my Mother, SUSANNAH BROCK, has left my house, where I have made suitable provision for her support, and made application to the Overseers of the town for assistance—This is to forbid all persons furnishing her on my account, as I shall pay no debts of her contracting after this date.
Buckfield, Sept. 8, 1836. 11w

A New Supply of Ritter's and Power's ROYAL METALLIC RAZOR STRAPS just received and for sale at the Oxford Bookstore. Aug. 1.

The Observer

Is published every Thursday morning, by ASA BARTON,
(FOR THE PROPRIETORS.)
at \$2.00 per annum, subject to a deduction of 12 1/2 per cent. to all who pay cash within three months from the date of their subscription.

ADVERTISEMENTS conspicuously inserted three weeks at one dollar per square—less than a square, seventy-five cents. Legal Notices at the usual price.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, but at the option of the publisher. G. T. Publisher deems it expedient to give notice, that, while he shall always endeavor to be literally correct, he will not hold himself responsible for any error in any advertisement beyond the amount charged for its insertion.

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